THE PRIDE OF OUR COUNTRY

SONG

Words & Music by

JANIE McMILLAN LEWIS

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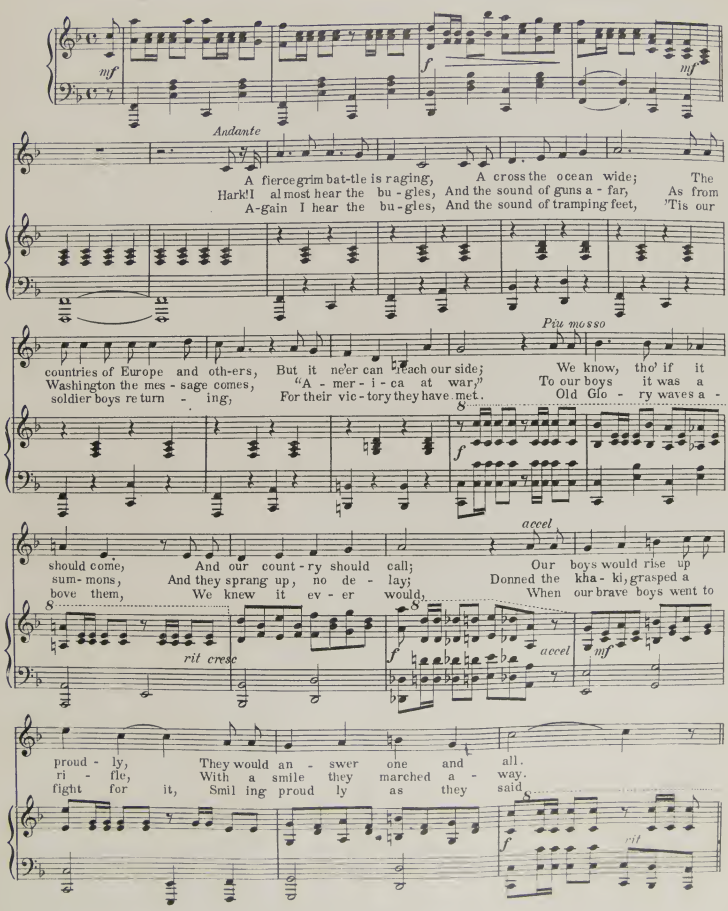
mf
f
mf
Andante
A fierce grim bat-tle is raging, A cross the ocean wide; The
Hark! I al most hear the bu-gles, And the sound of guns a-far, As from
A-gain I hear the bu-gles, And the sound of tramping feet, 'Tis our
Più mosso
countries of Europe and oth-ers, But it ne'er can reach our side; We know, tho' if it
Washington the mes-sage comes, "A-mer-i-ca at war," To our boys it was a
soldier boys re turn - ing, For their vic-tory they have met. Old Glo - ry waves a -
8
f
accel
should come, And our count-ry should call; Our boys would rise up
sum-mons, And they sprang up, no de-lay; Donned the kha-ki, grasped a
bove them, We knew it ev-er would, When our brave boys went to
8
8
rit cresc
f
accel
mf
proud-ly, They would an-swer one and all.
ri-fle, With a smile they marched a-way.
fight for it, Smil ing proud ly as they said
8
f
mf

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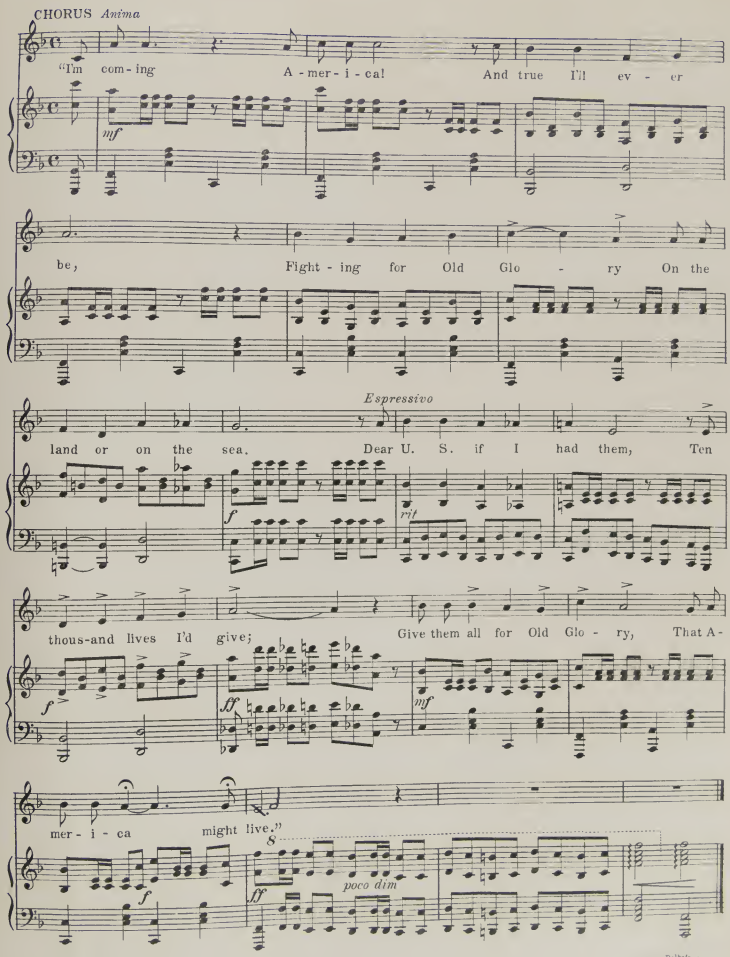
CHORUS Anima
"I'm com - ing A - mer - i - ca! And true I'll ev - er
mf
be, Fight - ing for Old Glo - ry On the
Espressivo
land or on the sea. Dear U. S. if I had them, Ten
f
rit
thous-and lives I'd give; Give them all for Old Glo - ry, That A-
f
ff
mf
mer - i - ca might live."
8
f
ff
poco dim

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